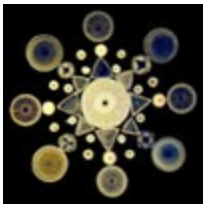
[fic] Human AU: Weariness.

• Apr. 15th, 2011 at 4:26 AM



Title: Human AU: Weariness.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Michael, mentions of Michael/Gabriel, Lucifer, Raphael.
Word Count: 1,091 words.
Summary: Michael's not happy, and should know better than to stay out in the rain.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt weariness being used for this one. Twenty-four down, six to go!

I'm slowly beginning to head towards wrapping this up. I've got an ending in mind, and I'm ready for it. *determined*

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

He sneezes.

"What was that?"

Raphael looks up from the couch, and studies Michael. "That was a sneeze."

"A sneeze?"

"Yes...it's fine. Doesn't mean anything important." Raphael looks back at the magazine in his hands, and Michael thinks he's reading.

He sneezes again. It feels so *weird*, he thinks. Like he's caught something in his nose. Michael rubs his forehead and has a seat, feeling tired. He still feels cold, too, but he's dry now, he knows that much.

Michael does give in and get the blanket off the couch, covering himself.

"You don't look well," Raphael comments.

"I'm fine," Michael says automatically.

"Michael."

"I'm fine," Michael repeats. "I'm cold."

Raphael studies him, then gets up, coming over and putting his hand over his forehead. Michael leans into the warmth, blinking as he does. It feels good...almost too good.

"You've got a fever."

"What?"

"You're hot to the touch, you look awful, and you were out in the rain."

"What do those have to do with each other?"

"You're sick, Michael."

"...Ah." Michael's heard of sickness before, of plagues and such. Something that afflicted humans and sometimes killed them. "How bad is it?"

"What?"

"Will I die?"

"Not from a fever, unless it turns really bad...but we can visit a doctor if that starts happening."

"A healer."

"A doctor," Raphael corrects gently. "Let me get you some tea."

"What will tea do?"

"Fluids are good for you...not cold ones, usually."

Michael watches Raphael go into the kitchen and thinks of Raphael's original role, that of a healer. He thinks he's seeing it again, only different, and Michael...he can't say if he likes it or not.

Gabriel comes out of the kitchen clad only in a towel, carrying some kind of bubbly drink. Michael watches him, wary, as Gabriel flops into a recliner and grins at him, hair still wet.

"What are you doing?"

"Wanted some soda after my shower. What, is having soda a crime?"

Michael doesn't answer, frowning, then refocuses on Raphael as he re-enters, watches as Raphael sets the mug of tea next to him.

"What's going on?" Gabriel asks.

"He's got a fever," Raphael answers, and Michael thinks this may become a problem.

Being sick harmed humans in various ways, he remembered that much. Mostly physically, but sometimes mentally, and he needed to be able to stay alert, as a single wrong move here could lead to a situation like the one earlier with Gabriel. He didn't want that.

Michael shifts on the couch and watches as Raphael covers him with more blankets, and thinks he rather likes this aspect of being sick: Raphael is helping him, without prodding, and even if it does hurt to realize how long it's been since Raphael had the role of Healer, it is almost reassuring to see it again.

Still. His head is beginning to ache, and he feels cold. He can't say he likes that.

Michael curls in the blankets and closes his eyes, trying to tune out everyone and everything else.

Gabriel watches Michael sleep on the couch and snickers to himself when he hears the

first snore.

"That's Michael?" he hears Lucifer say from the kitchen doorway, and Gabriel nods, waving at Lucifer briefly before he gets up to cross the room, pulling them back into the kitchen. (And don't think he misses how Lucifer skirts around the kitchen table, as if it's poisonous.)

"He's grumpy," Gabriel says. "Took a walk in the rain, got sick, that whole deal. Raph's handling him."

Lucifer nods, and Gabriel scoots into his space, facing him.

"You were watching us, weren't you?"

It surprises Gabriel when Lucifer doesn't try to deny it, instead nodding and meeting his gaze.

"If you didn't want anyone to see, you shouldn't have done anything in here."

"I don't care if you saw or not, I'm just - "

"Looking to see if it bothers me," Lucifer says for him. "Testing my reactions. Don't try to lie about it."

"What? I wouldn't lie - "

"You would. You have lied to me before."

"Lucifer, come *on*. Give me a break!"

Lucifer shakes his head and turns away. "I want to speak with Michael."

"The poor thing's sleeping, you probably shouldn't wake him up, or he'll sneeze on you."

"Ah," Lucifer says, and Gabriel can see him debating it, and laughs to himself. "What?"

"Oh, just...seriously, it's not worth it. Whatever you want to hear him say, I mean. I've never met such a stick-in-the-mud."

"And you've met a lot of people," Lucifer's tone is dry, sarcastic. Gabriel makes a face at him.

"I don't know, but I think I have, I mean, how else would I have become such an outgoing and wonderful person?"

Lucifer gives him a look that Gabriel doesn't like the looks of, but he laughs, grinning back. It's not the first time that Lucifer's been weird around him, after all, and he's comfortable with practically everyone, he knows that without thinking about it.

Just like how he knows how to make eggs and whistle and that there's a stack of tabloids hidden under his bed, he doesn't need memories for that kind of knowledge.

"Hey, Lucifer?"

"Yes?"

"It's a bit early to be asking this, but...do you dream?"

"No. Why?"

"I'm just curious, is all. I mean, think about it. You don't lose your memories, you get them repressed or locked up, and it usually comes out in dreams."

"How do you know this?"

"I've been reading about it. When you weren't looking."

"...I see."

"Maybe I should ask Michael!"

"He hasn't lost his memories."

"He might!"

"I suggest Raphael first," Lucifer says at last.

"Whatever," Gabriel says, and digs into the cupboards, removing a case of cookies. "I'm gonna go chill some more."

"And go back to guarding him."

"You mean preventing any nosy brothers from waking up poor sick Michael to ask questions, yeah."

"I can't say I like you."

"I can!" Gabriel winked at him and swept back into the living room, leaving Lucifer to shake his head in exasperation.

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